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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

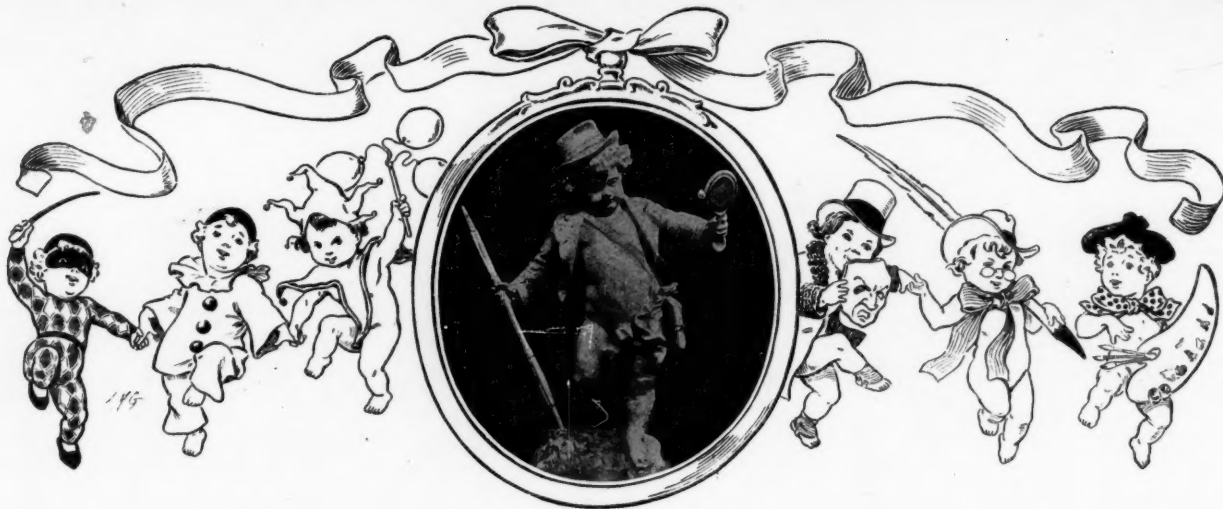
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UNCLE SAM'S BOYS, ANGLICIZED.

G. V. Winter, the English military tailor, under contract with our War Department, says:
"The Washington officials have given me a free hand. I hope to design something smart
for the United States service."



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

AMONG the things as yet unpublished is Colonel Bryan's opinion of one Tom Taggart.

IN OHIO one person in every 400 is insane. We wonder what the percentage in New York's 400 is.

SENATOR FAIRBANKS is not concerned about the crusade against the Indiana ice trust. His ice plant runs independent.

SECRETARY LOEB's villa at Oyster Bay marks one of the numerous spots where Washington rested beneath a big tree. It is a good bet that Washington did more resting there than Loeb will have a chance to do.

THE SOCIALISTS of New Jersey may nominate Upton Sinclair for Congress. In which event a novel or two by Mr. Sinclair may some day appear in the Congressional Record.

THE last Congress spoke in the neighborhood of 40,000,000 words and authorized the expenditure of \$900,000,000. There is nothing cheap about Congressional talk, anyhow.

DURING THE recent hot spell Mr. Hearst had to use his studhorse type on the Thaw case and so could not type up the awful suffering in the tenement districts. Hard luck.

OUT IN KANSAS, they are kidnapping each other's harvest hands. After the harvest, they will arrest them as vagrants.

SO MR. BRYAN is "the man of the hour." What hour? Twenty-three?

OUR wealthy neighbors have their trials. When themselves are not being tried, they are witnesses in the trials of others. "Poor Arthur!" exclaimed the wife of one of our best citizens—"Poor Arthur! he doesn't get hardly any sleep. He lies awake half the night trying to remember what the lawyers tell him to say."

REFERENCE in the European papers to "Princess Alice" would indicate that if all the family should go abroad, we might soon read of King Theodore, the Crown Prince Theodore Jr., and the Grand Dukes Kermit, Archie and Quentin.

OUR FIRM has been in business forty years. If we have been able to fool the people all of that time we have disproved Lincoln's assertion.
—J. Ogden Armour.

Not at all. Lincoln declared that "you can't fool all the people all the time." Forty years isn't "all the time." But forty years seems to be the limit of the Armour capacity.

KING HAARON boarded the imperial yacht and exchanged kisses with the Kaiser. — *News Item.*

After which they wrote in each other's autograph album.



"GERMANY WINS, HERR ROOSEVELT!"



SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
WAITING FOR THE MALE.

HER BATHING SUIT.

It is a scrawny nightmare
That ugliness enwreathes
And yet a thing of beauty
That sweetest music breathes.

It all depends on whether
It's hanging limp and flat
Upon the line, or dimpling
On Muriel's anat.

R. K. Munkittrick.

PIETY.

PIETY was originally derived from pie, as the records of the early Puritans show. It was pronounced in two syllables at first, but later, as the

country advanced in civilization and it began to be thought that nothing but Parker House Rolls, or, coming down to the present century, some cereal, was fit for breakfast, the word was spoken in three syllables, with a view, presumably, to covering up its bourgeois origin. The term gained its religious color quite adventitiously, by reason of the circumstance that pie paves the way to indigestion and indigestion to gloomy thoughts.

Piety sometimes led our forefathers to hang witches, but never,

so far as known, to hang the expense, which was after all the great transgression, in New England. Some affect to distinguish between pumpkin-piety and apple-piety, in virtue of a metaphysical refinement touching the great part played by the apple in original sin, as contrasted with the non-participation of the pumpkin.

After all it is not likely that the pie of our ancestors made better citizens than does the modified hay or other health foods which we consume in equally large quantities. There is no testimony to show that people who ate pie were reminded of their stomachs appreciably oftener than people are who eat hay, and that being so, their minds cannot have been kept off public affairs much more effectually.

HOW IT STRUCK HIM.

MR. SUBURBS (*with paper*).—I see that the site of the Garden of Eden has at last been located.

MR. SUBURBS.—Yes? When will the sale of lots take place and what's the fare from the city hall?

FOOD.

"BUT food value. Has your compound a food value?"

"Certainly. Don't I tell you it can be cooked in less than one minute and eaten in less than another?"



WHO SAYS IT'S HOT?

Money talks—especially if it is your wife's.



NAUGHTY PEEK-A-BOO SHIRTWAIST!

WHAT WORRIED UNCLE HECK.



UNCLE HECK was worried. Even his blasé city relatives could see that. And there was a mystery about it. He came and went like a shadow.

After he had mastered the mechanics of the push buttons, gotten used to the elevator and subdued the gloom of the elevator boy and the hall boy and the first and second assistant hall and elevator boys by loaning them money, still he approached and departed from the domicile of his beloved relatives

shadow like, weirdly, with fantastic timidity. A subtle fear seemed lurking in his soul. A pained look was in his mild blue eyes, and his wary yellow whiskers, touched with the frost of the passing years, appeared furtive. They sagged. They betrayed him.

The serene soul of Uncle Heck was serene no more. It was Angelina, his eldest niece, who discovered sooner than any one else that regret was stinging Uncle Heck and that gladness was not his. Angelina was both tall and lofty, and had hair like a sunset glow, and the real New York glitter in her eye. She was the sort of girl who could charm Uncle Heck when she visited him in summer till he did n't care if she never went home—which she did n't until the heat had faded. In the city she could say to Uncle Heck "Really?" in such a way that he immediately retired and hung his head out the window of the 6 x 8 boudoir they gave him, and gashed for breath. This window was but a rod or two from an elegant Studio where Voice Training was in full blast each evening until midnight. Uncle Heck used to hear the voice gymnastics after he went to sleep, and imagine the old bull had broken loose at home, and was raising Sin in the sheep fold. There were both basses and tenors.

Forget the digression. Niece Angelina followed Uncle Heck one evening when he stole away and sneaked over to Riverside Drive. He had been so glum when the family dined that she

thought he probably would have a Shock before morning. She thought of Uncle Heck's country place and wondered to whom he would leave it, some day.

Uncle Heck was sitting on a bench not far from the water,



ILLUSTRATED PLATITUDES.

"Really, I don't know how it is. This is the first year we have ever been bothered by them."

BERTIE'S VACATION, THE TRAGEDY OF A NOBBY ALL-WOOL SUIT.



He looked lovely in it Saturday.



But Sunday was damp.



And Monday was showery.



Tuesday he fell in the lake.



And Wednesday morning — III

looking upon the glimmer and the shimmer of the night lights. The roar of the great city was subdued; the glare of its arc lights was not here. Now and then a toot or a bell sounded up the Hudson, or the idyllic notes of a harmonica rose from the water's very edge. Uncle Heck's face was buried in his hands. Even in the half-light one could have seen that he was doing Hard Thinking.

The frou-frou of a woman's skirt swished, and ceased, and swished again. A figure was before him, beside him. The imperious girl peered into his eyes, as he turned.

It was Angelina.

"Dear Uncle Heck," she said, "were you thinking of the Littleness and the Vastness and the uncertainty of human life?"

"Well, Some, I s'pose," he said, sighing.

"Uncle," she said, slipping her arm within his, "Are you quite well?"

"I dunno."

"You—you have acted so downhearted—and I know it is n't like you. Such dear, dear times as I've always had when I could visit with you in Summer; and always you were happy and your great heart was open and free, and peace was upon your brow and a smile upon your face." She paused.

Uncle Heck thought, inwardly, that here was Art that beat the Voice Culture outburst at the Studio. He was strangely, sadly silent.

He shifted uneasily. A tugboat on the river tooted twice.

After that, Uncle Heck and Angelina breathed more freely. Presently she withdrew her arm from his. He stroked it, with his horny hand.

"I see you've got 'em on," he said.

The girl shivered. "You must n't say 'got,' Uncle Heck—you should say 'gotten!'"

"Well, then—I see you've gotten 'em on." His voice was unspeakably sad, now.

The girl gazed at the far-away stars. His mood was upon her. She found no word to say, for a

moment. Then a tugboat tooted. That tugboat was Salvation for them both. It brought Angelina back to earth.

"Yes," she said, dreamily, and with an effort, "I have gotten them on—But"—she spoke with sudden sharpness—"what have I gotten on? What are you talkin' about?"

"Them foot-and-a-half kid gloves that all the women in New York air wearin'."

"Oh!" said the girl.

"Well," said Uncle Heck, with an air of expectancy.

"Well?" she replied.

"Them's it."

"What?"

"Yes."

"Yes—what? I don't understand you."

"Them's what 's worryin' me—them foot-and-a-half kid gloves." He spoke sternly.

"Why?" she asked, haughtily.

"Well," said Uncle Heck, "I 'm a-wonderin' if they'll ever wear that style of stock-in's."

Angelina blushed in the darkness. Uncle Heck's heart beat rapidly.

Then a ferryboat tooted. Overhead the stars were inscrutable.

Fred. Ladd.



Dear Ma: Just passed the hawken;
Fudge running low; will stop at
Vassar for a fresh supply.
your loving, Hen.

SOUVENIR POSTALS THAT WERE NEVER SENT.

FROM HENRY HUDSON TO MRS. HUDSON.

HER WISDOM.

"GIRLS!" quietly called old but eminently astute Aunt Broadhead.

"Ma'am?" they replied, as they fluttered obediently to her.

"Always remember, girls, that when a man professes to have a 'fatherly interest' in you his own daughters need it, that your own fathers can sufficiently supply you with it, and that it is the oldest of all stories, save one, in the world."

IN THE SWIM.

KICKER.—Smart idea of Newrich's and no mistake.

BOCKER.—Yes, I heard about it. He hired a magazine to investigate his private business.

Some connect the leaden heel of justice with her blindness, the idea being that if she kept her eyes open, she might be better heeled.

PUCK

INDEBTED.

SUMMER bards, right dolefully
Ye chant your "Grace is by the Sea;"
Ye sing of "Mabel's Coat of Brown,"
Of "Dearest Margaret's Bathing
Gown,"
When "Ethel Drives off from the Tee."

A myriad of the genus she
Take off our Summer hats to ye
Slaves of the tired, torrid town,
O Summer bards!

Madge, Elsie, Gwendolyn, Marie,
Blanche, Amy—all of us agree
To grant to you the laurel crown
For that ye give us our renown.
All that we do and are do we
Owe Summer bards.

Franklin P. Adams.

CYNICISMS OF A POLICY-HOLDER.

THE fact that the agent did n't talk him to death, or into symptoms thereof, should make it unnecessary for a man to undergo a medical examination.

When a man's mother was killed by lightning and his father was kicked to death by a horse it is called a good family history.

Consider the men who have brought themselves to an early grave by trying to keep up a five-thousand-dollar policy on a five-hundred-dollar income. This is what is termed the irony of fate.

One idea of heaven is that it is a state where a man will be able to enjoy his own life insurance.

When a man surprises his wife in the act of sizing him up speculatively, lips pursed and one eye closed, it almost makes him resolve to let his policy lapse.

There is more joy in the heart of the average man when he successfully passes an examination for life insurance than when he beats a railroad out of ten dollars.

No man really likes to insure his wife's life—she is so contrary.

The overly good man is a poor risk. He has an eye on the pearly gates, and he knows the reason why, but it is no life insurance company's business.

Life insurance is a powerful good medicine for the liver.

The fact that he has a big life insurance policy does n't prevent the normal man from dancing out of a hotel in his nightshirt when the building is discovered to be burning.

The average woman lives longer than the average man. It is essential that she do so in order to collect his life insurance.

UPPISH.

"THIS seems to be a low place."
"Wul, now, I dunno! Day 'fore yist'day the cowboys they come an' shot us up, an' yist'day the newspapers they come an' wrote us up, an' I declare we was beginnin' to feel some elevated. Low? Wul, now!"

EXACTLY.

THE HACKMAN (*at Niagara*).—That's the Horseshoe Fall.

THE TOURIST (*from Eden Valley*).—I see. An' thet there other one's the Horsepower Falls, eh?

THE ONLY WAY.

THE NEWEST BOARDER (*sarcastically*).—How am I to distinguish the milk from the cream, Mrs. Skinner?

MRS. SKINNER (*of Sylvandale Farm*).—You'll allus find the milk in that there pitcher with the chip off'n its snout!

HER CHARM.

"A CHARMING HOSTESS! Is it because she is all things to all men?"

"No; mostly because she's an expensive thing to one man, I should say."

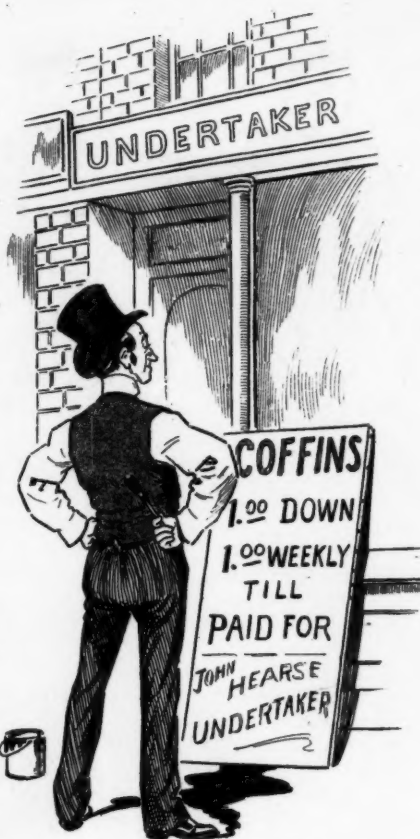
UNRETENTIVE.

AT the forty-second large bowl of wassail, the baron was seen to grow mellow.

At the sixty-ninth bowl he proposed a toast.

"My retainers: The more of them I have, the less I am able to retain!"

Now this was a hint that my lord did not absolutely hang the expense, as the feudal manner was, but for all that every horn was drained in honor of the sentiment.

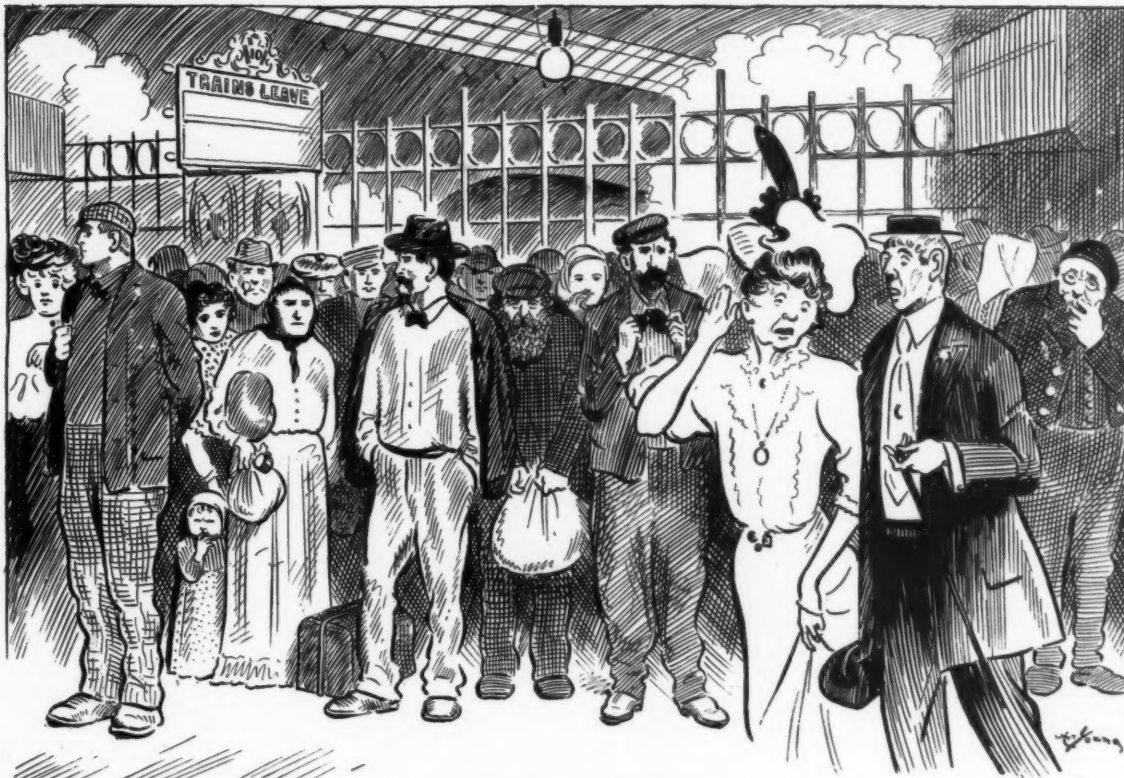


DEAD-EASY TERMS.

ENTERPRISING UNDERTAKER.—Others are going into this installment game; I don't see why I can't.



THE FIRST BATHING SUITS.



A NATIONAL DISGRACE.

CLARENCE PUTTYHEAD. — Deuce take it! It's a positive outrage to allow such stupid, ignorwunt looking people to come to this countwy.

July Jabs.

LAUGH, AND THE TRUST LAUGHS WITH YOU.

For the best laugh of the summer, read Mr. Dooley on "What We Eat." — *Collier's Weekly*.

WE are a laughter-loving race,
With keenest sense of humor blessed.
Nothing so sordid, mean, or base
That does not furnish forth a jest.
We of a joke are over-fond —
No lover loved a maid so madly.
Unlike our kin across the pond,
We do not take our pleasures sadly.
Just thinking of the food we eat
Evokes the summer's one best laugh;
To us a meal of rotten meat
Is funny as an epitaph.
Revelments scarcely fit to print
About our food are taken coolly —
It is to laugh. We laugh, sans stint,
And hold our sides with Mr. Dooley.

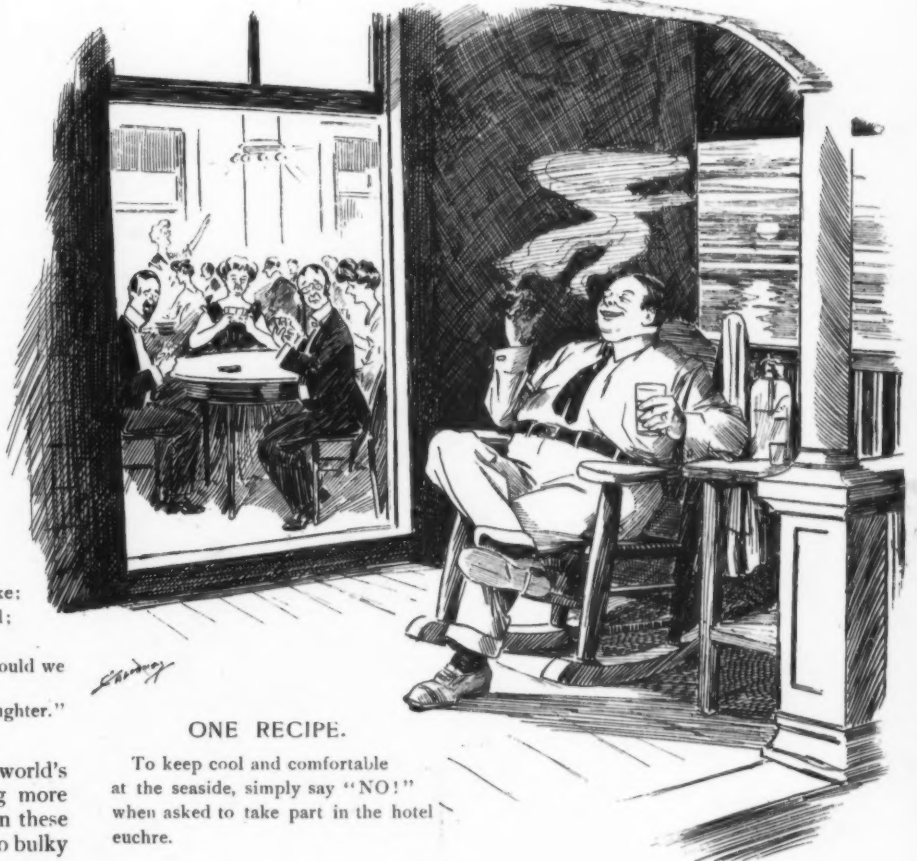


Nothing is serious in our eyes:
We are a laughter-loving folk.
Our prayer, each morning
when we rise —
"Give us this day our daily joke:
Lead us not into boredom's thrall;
Deliver us, now and hereafter,
From serious thoughts. And should we
fall,
Forgive us, Momus, God of Laughter."

Pocket editions of the world's best literature are becoming more and more popular; but even these small, thin-paper books are too bulky

fire, we earnestly hope they will rake the unspeakable and wholly despicable persons who make a practice of diluting cherry pies with second-hand strawberries.

B. L. T.



ONE RECIPE.

To keep cool and comfortable at the seaside, simply say "NO!" when asked to take part in the hotel euchre.

Most men, meeting their liwers in the dark, merely take something. Only a Bunyan can go to work and make a great book of the business.

for dwellers in flats. What is needed is a "Flat Dweller's Library," containing all the books worth reading in the compass of, say, two square feet. There is a fortune in the idea for some live publisher.

The Kaiser's grandson was born on the Glorious Fourth. Is not this sufficient warrant for a German-American rapprochement?

It seems to be impossible for even our best authors to refrain from using the phrase, "the laces of her gown."

Congratulations to Messrs. Phillips, Steffens, Baker, et als, who have purchased the *American Magazine*, and will continue their merry war in behalf of the trust-trodden and the oppressed. We realize that they cannot get started at once.

Several months must elapse before they can get their batteries trained effectively on the forces of graft and corruption.

But when they are ready to



A DRIFTING MATCH





DISCREET AND INDULGENT.

THE HOTEL MAN.—And, of course, Miss, if there is any one chaperon in the lot which you fancy more than another, we will reserve her for you for the entire season.

HEARD ON THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.



ANGRILY the Theologian fluttered his wings.

"And how did you get here?" he demanded of the humble savage.

"I took a correspondence course in piety," replied the child of the forest producing his diploma.

"Why don't Jinks walk on the pearly streets?"

"He's afraid they were n't laid with Union labor."

"Did you hear about Mrs. Bounder's awful break?" inquired the spirit with the ghostly lognette.

"Heavens, no! What was it?"

"She gave a little pink nectar yesterday 'to meet Shakespeare,' as the cards put it."

"Well?"

"After everybody was there she said: 'Now, Mr. Shakespeare, I want you to talk just exactly as you did in those jolly old Elizabethan days. I think the language in those dear old times was just too quaint for anything. Please do talk a little.'"

"And did he?"

"Did he! Why, even the *Town Topics* reporters had to leave the room."

"What's that jolly cloud-party to the right?" said the pallid ghost.

"Oh, that's Mrs. De Bong Tong and her first five husbands. They have a bet up that Number Six won't be allowed to land."

"Merciful Heavens! What is that noise?" pleaded the nervous one.

"It's just those Irishmen at it again. They want the next sunset green instead of orange."

The elderly ghost regained his feet, limped a little and smoothed down the feathers of his right wing. His late assailants, a legion in number, were now specks on the horizon.

"That's what comes of saying anything against John Smith," said the old gentleman, peevishly.

"What was the row at the banquet?"

"Why, that young agitator angel—whatshisname—said that we'd never eat any more ambrosia if we ever saw the way it was canned."

"And do you have clubs and organizations up here?" inquired the visitor, with raised eyebrows.

The angel with a spear thought a moment.

"Well, we've got a Loyal Legion, of course, but that ain't half as swell as things down there.

You see, a Loyal Legion is all we can have; but down there," he added enviously, "down there they have a Sons and Daughters of the Revolution."

Horatio Winslow.

HIS JOURNEY.

BEENAWAY.—Let me see! About Nogoodson—when I left he was going from bad to worse, and—

STADHOME.—It subsequently developed that he had no return coupon.

WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS.

THE man, relying on the adage, naturally supposed he had nothing more to fear, so you can imagine his consternation when Opportunity knocked at his door a second time.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my goodness!" he exclaimed, and then, without another word, for he was a brave soul, he went out, and became rich, and lived unhappily ever after.



HEROIC MAN!

CHORUS OF AGITATED PICNICERS.—Oh, do be careful, Mr. Pipkin! It's going off!

PUCK

LOVE-SONG OF THE FUTURE.



TELL ME, darling, ere with rapture
We shall sink in love's eclipse,
Ere with joy a kiss I capture,
I have you sterilized your lips?

Tell me, darling—fairest creature
Ever born the skies beneath—
Is your hair a natural feature?
Are they yours—those gleam-
ing teeth?

Tell me, tell me, charming lassie,
When you're angry, and your eye
Stares at me with stare that's glassy,
Pray, what does that signify?

Is your stomach in condition?
Have you pains around your back?
Does your heart fulfill its mission?
Is your liver out of whack?

Tell me, O bewitching creature,
Whom I love in fiercest way,
Tell me, ere I call the preacher—
Darling, are your lungs O. K.?

Willis Leonard Clanahan.



IN THE DINING CAR.

ENGLISH TOURIST.—Waiter, this steak is deucedly tough, y'know.
WAITER.—Got teh be, sah, in ordeh teh pass de guv-ment 'spection!
Yo' prob'ly am unaware, sah, dat since de Packin'town 'sposures, tendeh-
ness in a beef am considehed a sign ob physical weakness!

A MERCILESS CREDITOR.

"**L**OOGY YUH, sah! Dess loogy yuh!" truculently said a certain colored man, upon meeting another citizen of the same hue. "What about dem dar fo' dollahs and semty-fi' cents yo'-all has been uh-owin' me for de last two yeaahs, and uh-promisin' 'time atter time but never puhdoosin'? I wants muh money right now, and I's p'intedly gwine to git it, too!"

"Now, now, Brudder Yockey!" deprecatingly expostulated the debtor. "Yo' knows dat at de time I extracted dat 'ar obligation I was a lost and underdone soul, uh-wallerin' in de bonds o' sin and de sass-pole o' 'nickerty; but since I got religion, last Sabbaf was two weeks ago, de Lawd has done fuhgive all muh wickedness—and, sho'ly, muh brudder, yo' ortah—"

"Dat's all right, sah! Dat's all right—in a fig-
gerative sense! De Lawd may have fuh-
give yo' debts, like yo' says, but it's a heap mo' likely dat He's merely layin' low twell He gits yo' dess whuh He wants yo' and den lam it out'n yo' triffin' hide wid confirmed interest! Dat may, or mought not, all be so, for what I knows; but I does know dis: I has yo' in a cornder, right now, muhse'f, and yo' gotter come across wid dat 'ar fo'-semty, or I 'll wrop muh cane around yo' shins twell yo' howls like a catamount! Well, sah?"

ARE not the net wages of sin likewise being depressed by the increase in the cost of living?



THE IDEA!

SUBWAY GUARD.—A little lively, lady!
ELDERLY FEMALE.—I am not!

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

THE rich old man laid his heart at the feet of the poor young girl. "Take it away!" she exclaimed, with unconcealed aversion.

"Pardon me!" quoth he, craftily. "Do you observe the val-
vular action, how that it misses an explosion every now and then?"

She started. No, she had ob-
served nothing. In her vexation, now, she blamed the lights, whereas only her own imprudence was at fault. But, fortun-
ately, it was not too late, for in a moment he renewed his proposal, whereupon she shyly yielded her assent.

THE LAST PHASE.

THEY thought to humble her.

"Everybody," they declared, severely, "knows very well how old you are."

But the woman did not wince. On the con-
trary, she tossed her head, in a defiant man-
ner.

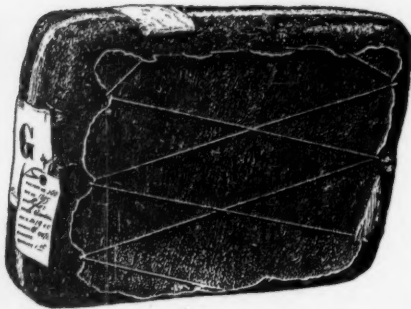
"They know very well, do they? Well, what if I am old enough to know better?" was her crushing retort.

PERHAPS.

AUTHOR.—This maga-
zine has no reason
for existence.
CRITIC.—That is the reason it
exists.

Nature abhors a society leader.

(Bale of Turkish tobacco just as received from Cavalla, Turkey.)



"Nestor" Cigarettes

(Nestor Gianaclis, Cairo and Boston)

The same-grade of tobaccos and the same blends as used in our Cairo factory are employed in the manufacture of "Nestors" in this country.

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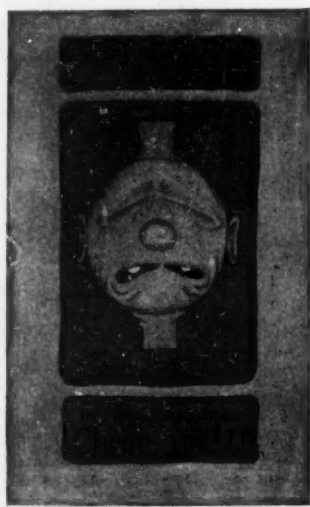
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packet of ten.

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MODERN YOUTH.

"Why are you not at school?" sternly inquired the parent meeting his son on the street.

The lad was not much embarrassed.

"Fact is, dad," he responded, "there's something the matter with the teacher's temper, and I'm giving it absent treatment."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Pears'

Pears' Soap is the great alchemist. Women are made fair by its use.

Sold continuously since 1789.

THE ONE THING TO DO.

McFIBB. — That fellow Huskie called me a liar.

NEWITT. — Yes?

McFIBB. — Yes. What would you do about it?

NEWITT. — Well, if I were you I'd make it a point always to tell the truth when he's around.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



ON AND OFF.

"How do you get on with your riding?"

"Not very well; but I know all the ways of getting off."

The day after, you need Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Braces the nerves; sustains you throughout the day, and makes you feel bright and cheerful. At druggists.

BADGER PHILOSOPHY.

If you would live to a ripe old age be too busy to die.

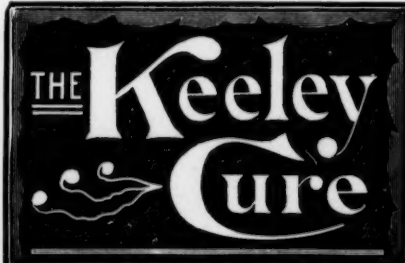
When a fellow kisses a girl for the first time she always asks, "Now what will you think of me?"

He is an exceptionally wise man who knows when to know nothing.

A newly married girl making her first purchasing trip to the grocery is like a house with a "For Rent" sign on it. It's folly to try to conceal the fact.

That fools continue to enter where angels fear to tread is attested by the increase in the number of weddings.

Somehow, a man with lots of money always seems to take delight in being hated.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*



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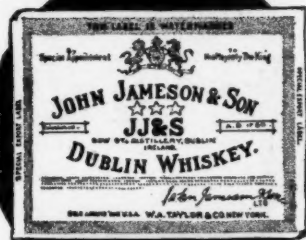
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MISS PLANE.—I understand you do very handsome work and make very pretty pictures.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—Yes'm; but I could give you an exact likeness if you wish.—*Phila. Ledger.*

THERE are two sides to every question—your side and the wrong side.—*Somerville Journal.*

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IN THE NINTH INNING.

"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As O'Reilly swiped the ball;
But the gallant Centerfielder
Gobbled it, and saved them all.
—*Toledo Blade.*

TIME'S CHANGES.

"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"What is a brunette?"
"Why, a brunette, my boy, is a
woman who becomes tired of being a
blonde."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

QUITE PROPER.

LITTLE ROLLO.—Papa, what is an
upright piano?
POP.—One that plays only sacred
music, my son.—*Woman's Home Com-
panion.*

SO CLEVER OF HIM.

"Yes, when Dubley tells an Irish
story there's no mistaking it."
"You know it's Irish right away,
eh?"
"Yes, indeed; he says 'Be jabbers'
after every sentence."—*Catholic Stand-
ard and Times.*

NO CONTORTIONIST.

She was supple and tall,
But, alas and alack,
She never could button
Her waist up the back.
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

This has been a pretty good year so
far, after all. Mary McLane has n't
published a new book.—*Somerville
Journal.*

The Most Popular
After-Dinner
Speech:

"GIVE ME A
GLASS OF
**Liqueur
Eaglette!**"



THE SUPREME AFTER-
DINNER CORDIAL

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries
RHEINSTROM BROS.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

STRICTLY CASH.

SEEDY PARTY.—Can you get me through to Chicago on time?
CONDUCTOR.—Not on your life; business on this train is done on a strictly
cash basis.—*Toledo Blade.*

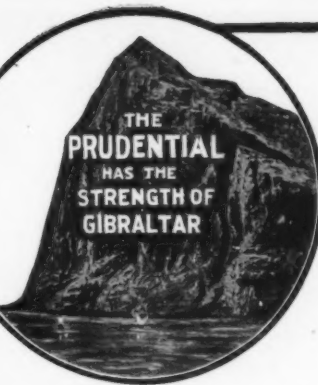
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at the decisive battle of the Sea of Japan
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pends upon this action. You are all
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DIVERSION.

MR. SCOUTER.—And what amusements are there here?

FARMER TAKEMIN.—Well, there's a lot of trains goin' by here
that ye kin watch an' there's a right smart view of the Fair Grounds
from my hill up yonder.

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of
soda and a little of Abbott's Angostura Bitters.
You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.

ADVERTISING ART.

Magazine Announcement—We beg
to invite special attention to our art
features. Not only drawings of rare
merit by the best artists, but the finest
art photographs from life, will be
found during the coming year in our
advertising pages.—*Am. Spectator.*



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—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL), DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE.

"Well, well," exclaimed the first summer girl, "where did the engagement ring come from?"

"From Biffany's, of course," replied the other.

"Oh, I don't mean that. Who is the man that gave it to you?"

"Oh! Why—er—really, I've forgotten his last name. I just call him 'Shorty.'"
—*Cath. Standard and Times.*

THOSE HAPPY DAYS!

IT is rather nice to let one's thoughts wander out from the city into country ways and yield to anticipation of summer joys. Let us seek the woods, where we are to be made over and drawn close to the breast of Mother Nature. Perhaps the surest way to double the joys of vacation days is to follow the example of Robin Hood and his merry men, who knew no care as long as their supply of good old ale was at hand, for then, as now, lovers of outdoor life depended upon ale to open the way to all the benefits and pleasure that followed. That the same good old customs which prevailed in olden times are in existence to-day is evidenced by the great increase in the ranks of the army of recreation-seekers and the ever-increasing demand for Evans' Ale as a summer beverage, due no doubt to the vigor and enjoyment it imparts to an outing. It is safe to say that if vacationists realized what a valuable and necessary adjunct Evans' Ale is to country life none would ever go without it. It is the inspiration of the camp, the solace of the fisherman, the joy of the golfer, and the life of the picnic. It is suitable for all places, whether in the mountains, at the seashore, on a yacht, or traveling by train, boat or automobile, because it is always in the same perfect condition, and because it cannot spoil, no matter how abused in handling, due to the fact that it does not contain a particle of sediment. Evans' Ale is easy to get and always easy to serve, being bottled with crown corks for country use.

STILL PRAYING FOR A MAN.

She's got a brand-new auto cap,
She's got some auto clothes;
She's got a pair of goggles, and
A smell-guard for her nose.
She's got a veil quite big enough
For a mosquito bar;
And now she's praying for a man
Who's got an auto car.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

NO USE FOR THEM.

CANVASSER.—Madam, I would like to show you the beautiful silver forks that we are giving away with every half-dozen bars of Skinflint Soap.

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—We don't never eat with forks in this house. They leak. —*Woman's Home Companion.*

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

"Where are the life-preservers kept, my man?" asked the passenger with the sunburned nose of one of the deck-hands on the steamboat.

"Down on the lower deck, for'ard, you'll find the bar," replied the deck-hand, with a wink. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

A SECRET Of Sweet Tone The LYRIC REPRODUCER

AS the vibrating string is the basis of all orchestra music, so is the vibrating drum the basis of the music of the Graphophone. The string and the drum, however, can produce but crude music at best until they are so strung and controlled that they will vibrate true to all the variations of tone.

The new Lyric Reproducer found only on the

Columbia Cylinder Graphophone

Gives the reproduced music a shading—a soul heretofore absent from any reproduced music—instrumental or vocal. What the pedal is to the piano and harp, the stop to the organ, the frets to guitar or mandolin, the bridge to violin—just so much is the Automatic Tone Follower to the improved Columbia Cylinder Graphophone.

Remember, Columbia Graphophones—both cylinder and disc models—are sold on **easy payments if desired** and out-of-date instruments of any make are accepted in exchange. Write for full particulars.

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that all Whiskies bottled in bond according to the law passed by U. S. Congress and signed by the President (March 3d, 1897) are pure and unadulterated.

We obey this law to the letter—therefore

Sunny Brook STRAIGHT Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND

Bottled in its pure natural state under the direct supervision of Gov't Officials and is sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP"—absolute proof of its Age and Purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair. **SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.**



STILL.

"So ye paint still life, hey?"

"Yes, sir. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I thought ye might come over t' the house an' paint m' grandfather. He's got paralysis from the toes up."

TRAGEDY.

"No, George, I can never, never be your wife."

Despair written upon his every feature, George Worthington reeled and clutched at the mantel for support. The blow had fallen.

"Then," he muttered hoarsely, "there is but one thing for me to do. I must die."

Going out in the back yard, he stabbed himself with a can of corned beef. —*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

Hiawatha Sparkling Spring Water

Absolutely pure, wholesome,
healthful.

Received the highest
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World's Fair at which
it has been exhibited
in competition with
all other table waters.
Sold at all leading
hotels, restaurants
and cafes. Try it—
then order a case of
your local dealer.

Our booklet, "It's What's
Inside," gives many re-
cipes for delicious sum-
mer drinks. It is yours
for the asking.

**Hiawatha
Spring
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Minneapolis, New York,
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HARK TO THE SOUND.

Hark to the murmur—
(You've heard it before)
Like a gathering storm
On a barren shore.

Louder it comes,
At a faster rate—
The boom for Bryan
In Nineteen-Eight!
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

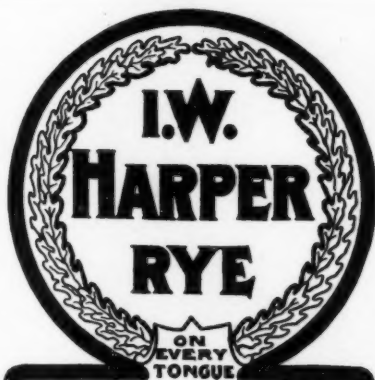
COOL.

"Mary," Mrs. Housekeep called
from the foot of the stairs. "How
about breakfast?"

"Oh," replied the new servant, who
had overslept herself, "ye nade n't
trouble to bring me anny. I ain't very
hungry this mornin'."—*Phil. Ledger.*

It is time now to begin saving
money for next December's Christmas
presents.—*Somerville Journal.*

The worst thing we can conceive of
the Beef Trust is that its product is as
rotten as its morals.—*Am. Spectator.*



Aged and Respected

With character and merit. The
spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the
essence of good cheer. The best
whiskey for all uses. Gold medals
at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago,
1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand
Prize, highest award, at World's
Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading
dealers everywhere.

BLANK LIMERICKS.

I.

A fellow who wanted to fish
Went out to look for some bait.
He hunted around
And when he returned
He must of had fully a quart.

II.

There once was a lady in Wis.
Whose sleeves were made very short.
Her gloves did n't meet
The ends of her sleeves,
And her elbow looked like a fence
corner.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"I WILL!"

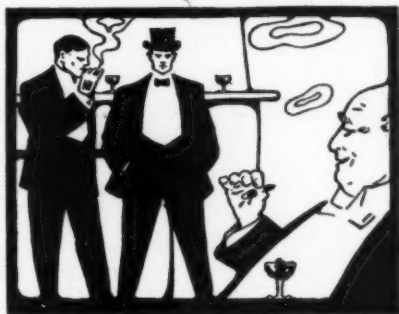
PATIENCE.—Her motto in life has
been "I will!"

PATRICE.—And has she lived up
to it?

PATIENCE.—She certainly has. She
never said "no" to a marriage proposal
in her life!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PROPHETIC.

Oh, envy not the iceman,
Who gets 'steen cents a pound;
It may be he is drifting
Where ice does not abound.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



MONEY can't buy better liquors than
those from which CLUB COCK-
TAILS are made.

No bartender can mix as perfectly as
our own expert can, neither can he blend
his mixture—nor age it—his cocktails
are raw.

Every drink of CLUB COCKTAILS is
another step away from guesswork kind.
They are delicious, satisfying, portable
and economical.



Just strain through
cracked ice and serve.

Seven varieties; each one
delicious—of all good gro-
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THE Phonograph solves the problem of music and entertainment in the summer
home or camp. Don't fail to make one a member of your vacation party.

No matter where you go, you can transport a veritable theatre with you.
Around the camp-fire, on the launch, or at the farm, the Phonograph is ever ready
to entertain you with the world's best music. Rainy days yield hours of pleasure.

Evenings can be spent listening to whatever kind of vocal or instrumental
music suits your fancy, or the Phonograph will provide music for a two-step on the
veranda or a reel on Nature's carpet.

NEW SERIES OF GRAND OPERA RECORDS

The success of the first series of Edison Grand Opera
Records surpassed our most sanguine expectations. The
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Hear the Edison Phonograph at the dealer's free of charge. Write for Booklet
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TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

OUR COLORED BELLES.

"My stahs, Lowindy, but yo' is suttinly got nice haih. How yo' mek it
so long en straight?" asked woolly Miss Geawgiana of her friend Miss Lucinda.
"Doan' yo' put somefin' on it, now hones' truf?"

"Nevah done nothin' to it, true as I stan' hyar, only done wrop it up in a
cup-towel when I sweeps or dus'es. Ef yo' goin' tuh have nice haih yo' 'll
have it, en ef yo' ain't yo' ain't, yo' tek my wold foh hit, honey. W'y, yo' all
knows my sistah Evaleen. 'Clah to goodness, dat chile's lots neahah w'ite 'n'
I am, but huh haih 's as bad as youahs, 'n' she 's jes' plumb crazy to mek it
long en straight. W'y dat po' niggah, she spen's *houahs* on it. She jes'
ma-a-nicu'hs hit, en *ma-a-nicu'hs* hit, an' still hit ain't nuffin' but jes' *wool*.
No'm, ef yo' goin' to have haih yo' 'll have haih, en ef yo' ain't yo' jes' nachelly
got to put up with wool."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

It has been observed that the grocery man seldom fails in business, when he
lives above the store.—*Somerville Journal.*

THE nearer you can
get to nature the bet-
ter and happier you will be.

EVANS' ALE

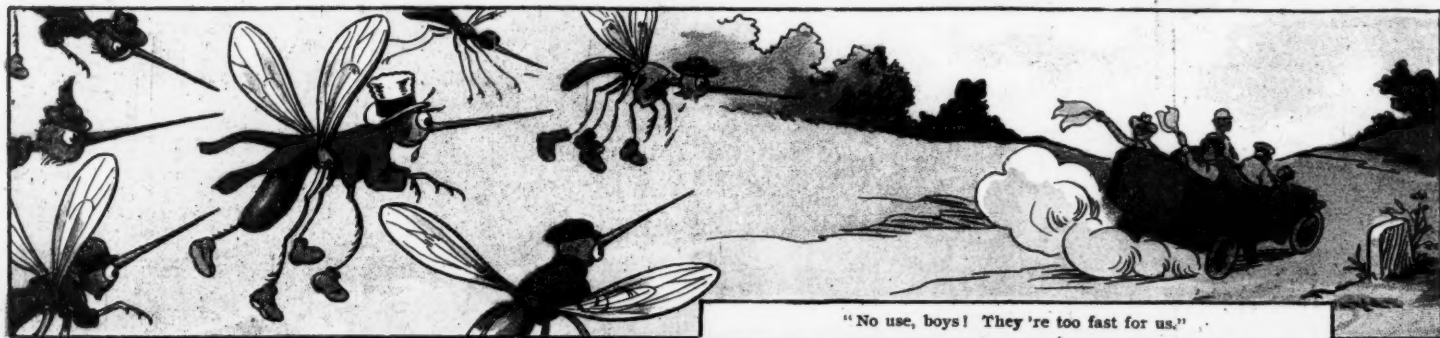
brings to you all the fra-
grance, healthfulness, and
sunshine of the glorious
hop-fields.

A message direct from nature.

THE INDIFFERENT FELLOW.

"He is the most indifferent man," said
Bangs, "I ever knew.
How often I have heard him say 'I
don't care if I do.'"

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



"No use, boys! They're too fast for us."



"That's the talk, Mr. Chairman! We'll get in front of 'em!"



"Steady now, boys!"



"Charge bayonets!"



"Help yourselves, fellows! We've punctured every tire!"

THE CHARGE OF THE SKEETER BRIGADE.
A BIT OF JERSEY STRATEGY.

J. N. GARDNER

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